

Cub the Thief.

HOW HE WAS STOPPED.

BY HARRIS.

(From the English "Org.")

A thief! Yes, to my shame I was never such a one. Thieving, pocket-picking, and sharpening, was shaking, horse-racing; was my to all the "fish" on the board, and thought there wasn't a deeper, clearer trap than myself to be met in a day's march.

When I was sitting in the Salvation Army and a little lass came up and asked me if I was ready to die, I looked as innocent as you please, and said, "Let those you miss, there's naught a matter with me, I've never done nobody any harm."

Everybody knew me, and the chap who next to me turned round and says, "Why, I reckon you're a thief, there's always a 'Cub' in the street, and he's the biggest thief for miles round." He looked at me for a minute or so, and then he said, "Do you want a Baccarat, Cub?" I says, "Ah, that I do and no mistake." "Come, and ask him," he says, "to take away your sins." "But," I says, "I don't know what to say to him; I've never prayed in my life, nor thought of doing such a thing." Then she talked about Jesus Christ saving the dying thief, and pointed it out so plain that I couldn't help but understand and see the way I was to go; and then Cub, who forty years had been such a deep'n, such a sure clever chap, as he thought, that nobody could ever get over him, went down on his knees as simple as a little babe, and was born again.

I had been to the Army six weeks before, and someone had said to me, "Cub, thou art on the wrong road," and I began to try to make myself better. Every time I met people as I had robbed (though they did not know it) it made me feel awful bad. Oh, I began to feel that east down and sorry when they looked at me, and wished I had got the money to give them back. But it would take hundreds of pounds.

I have walked on England's gold in my time, but it was badly got and did me no good, and I was always poor. If ever there was a man that was truly sorry for the past, it was me. When I went to look that night, I says, "Lord, if I then will save me, I'm sure I'll do all I can to keep good." I did save me, and took the lying, thieving, desecrating spirit out of me, and made poor Cub as honest as had as there is in all England.

For all I was ever thieving I never got run in but once. I was too careful for

that. If they took me and searched me, they never found no stolen property on Cub. Maybe a knife, a sixpence and a "boson" box, that was all. I had always a make close about to take things off me; and if it was down on the race course, the swag was handed along from one to the other and was clear of the course in ten minutes. There was seven of us used to go together, generally dressed up in different ways. One as a swell, another a country jockey, and so on. We used to get together where there was a big crowd and have a wab or brooch, or a pin, or a purse, before the owners knew where they were. I general, I went about as a nut hawker, and could get anywhere with my nut basket; tap-rooms or

mother died of a broken heart when I was ten months old; and me and my brother, who was a year older than myself, were left to the care of my grandmother, who could get scarcely enough from my drunken grandfather to live on herself. We were nearly starved to death, and when the neighbors gave us some bread-and-butter we used to tear it like young wolves. For all that we had got very boss, and while hair curling all over our heads.

When I was seven years old I went to work in a glass-house. I had scarcely a smock to cover me and no shoes to my feet, and as I went up and down amongst the broken glass I left foot-prints of blood behind me. I was eleven years old before I knew what it meant to have a pair of boots on my feet, and when someone gave me an old pair that was almost worse than none.

Thieving was

catch me for I was as sharp as a needle, and would be off before they could say Jack Robinson.

So I began, and so I went on, till I was known to the police all the country round. I was as bad for drunkenness as for thieving. You may guess I was a smart chap when the police would not have me in the lock-up. I was found one night lying drunk under a lamp-post just outside the police station. "Ah, it's Cub," they said; "let him in, he's only a disgrace to the station-house—his father in the gutter."

Somewhat, though money comes easy over the devil's back, goes as easy under his clove foot, and a thief and vagabond, mostly poor. One time, when I was down on my luck, I remembered seeing my poor wife was almost without a shoe on her foot. She was a good wife to me, and when she says—

"Look, Cub, this is what I've come to through bein' your wife." It cut me, and I made up my mind to get some cash if I was run in for it.

Standin' in the bar of a public I knowed well, I watched the customers pay for their grog. At last a man came in and laid down a sovereign, Cub was all on the alert then, though not seemin' to notice anything, and a moment as soon as the man had slipped the half-sovereign, that he got in the change into his pocket, Cub had it out again, and was off to the shop.

I had then down a smart new pair of boots at my wife's feet, she was soared, and told me to take 'em back for she thought I'd stole 'em from the shop. When I swore I'd paid for 'em honest, and said I'd borrowed the money from a mate, she consented to have them.

She was the honest girl, was my wife, and wouldn't take nothing she thought I hadn't come by honest.

It is not for the sake of boast or bragging that I tell of my past—God forbid! I only want to show His mercy in saving a poor, ignorant thing like I was, and to let any poor chap who may have been in my line know that there's room for him in the Kingdom.

I didn't know how to pray when I went to God. I only remembered hearing one prayer in all my life, and that was, "Lord, have mercy on me!" I'd heard it when I was mixed up with a gang of poachers. They were believe in God, and I was a life who would take any man's life as soon as they could get upon them; and one night they tied a keeper who had swinging round the neck of his gun as he tried with me. "Don't man tell no tales," when the poor fellow prayed that prayer that stuck in my memory as, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" It saved his life, for one of the poachers so soon heard him groan that he struck the gun that was midway in the air to the ground, and said the man was safe enough as was, and the best thing we could do was to make off, which we did, leaving the keeper tied to the tree.



after I was two years old. My grandmother used to wake me up in the middle of the night and tell me to turn my grandfather's pockets as he lay drunk on the floor. I had to do it nearly every night, and I got as clever as an cat creeping about in the dark. At last I thought I would try it on my grandfather in broad daylight, when he was sober. I tried, and succeeded, till I could rifle the old man's pocket almost any time without him knowing.

Then I came to crooked-robbing and thieving the neighbor's fruit. I was such a little nipper, scarce bigger than a cat, and could creep through fences and under low bushes just like one, and the neighbors was always on the look out for my white curly head amongst the strawberries and gooseberries; I could scarce ever

MAJOR WOOLLEY'S KNOTS! PHIL'S PILGRIMAGES

KNOWLEDGE: FLUORIMAGES

I led the children's meeting on Sunday afternoon, and my soul got so much blessed.

We started for Georgetown at 1 o'clock

Now, wake up, comrades, before "Pry" rather join the S. A. than anything

going. Salvationist has to learn to stay at home and nurse a sick body when he hears

The song of victory comes forth from

welled, etc., and was already to go to his

The young man left us just born, sayi

out visiting. . . A brother told me how that

hours on and on. He threw the speech on, trusted God, and his sight was as good as

Our meeting was very quiet, except

possible for me to do mine, and I'm sure if you had to do that average sheet once

Just a word, dear friends, in our divi-

at my last visit. The girls feel confident

which you won't soon forget.

Peterboro' Plums.
D. O. MARSHALL.

His Better Half.
OAKWOOD.—Here we are again still in the woods. We have left Newford and come to Oakwood. There are no stores running here, but we are getting around pretty lively, and Goldie helps us to be a little better than the people and to people a blessing to us. D. O. Marshall and wife were with us on Friday night. We had a grand meeting. The march on night was an important feature. The D. O. Marshall was the drum in the front of the march, and I was not far behind. We received a blessing to our work. I don't know all about us. We are in H

We Claim Victory.
NORWOOD—After spending over a month in Oakwood, where we have had some good times with the Lord and His

people, we get orders for Newport. As we are coming, we find some kind of trouble in the soldiers. Bless God. So far the soldiers have not been attended as we would like. There has been, been the liberty of spirit. The Army meetings are noted for the fact. We are believing. We claim victory through Christ.

CHARLOTTE McKEENE

Chatham Cracker

H. O. BOLTON.
His Two Happiest Days.

CORRECTION—One of the men who was arrested for carrying a gun to sell corned beef to the boys, **Bill Worning**, was not shot, as was reported, and one by one God is bringing good blood-brotherhood to the streets of Chicago. The boys are now so good that they have taken the two hundred dollar star money. Many others will follow the example of the boys who have stayed on the "bench of God's grace."

WILLIAM L. WOODS, who has been in the city for some time, looks out for people who are in the near future. **Alvin**.

CHICAGO, ILL., **May 10, 1933.**

Dear Sam:

A Great Pleasure

WOODSLEY—Since coming to the place the Lord has been very good to me and we have had the pleasure of meeting you and your family. I am glad to hear of the work of the cross. I have been looking for good Christians in this city.

Yours truly,

W. L. Woods

A U. S. A. Colonel
BLENHEIM—Our meetings were
last week, and very good attendance.

and our people came to Jesus, and
began teaching and speaking for Him.
One was an old man, who used to kneel
in the U. S. military army. He had
wounds which show that he has fought
as a good soldier. He says he has seen
hell around him in the battle, and
spared his life and saved him, and
after the other night, he got great
change when God sent him, and he
looked around the building in amazement
and said, "Why everything seems different
and I seem to be able to understand the
apostles." Hallingdahl

Such a Promise.
ESSEX CENTRE—Thy right
ness shall go before thee; the glory
of the Lord shall be thy reward.

[illegible]

Safe Over Jordan!

THE WAR ORY.

Safe Over Jordan!

DEATH HEARD FROM.

THE WAR ORY.

DEATH HEARD FROM.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

THE WAR ORY.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

Pray! Pray!

THE WAR ORY.

Pray! Pray!

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

THE WAR ORY.

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

Safe Over Jordan!

THE WAR ORY.

Safe Over Jordan!

DEATH HEARD FROM.

THE WAR ORY.

DEATH HEARD FROM.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

THE WAR ORY.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

Pray! Pray!

THE WAR ORY.

Pray! Pray!

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

THE WAR ORY.

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

Safe Over Jordan!

THE WAR ORY.

Safe Over Jordan!

DEATH HEARD FROM.

THE WAR ORY.

DEATH HEARD FROM.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

THE WAR ORY.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

Pray! Pray!

THE WAR ORY.

Pray! Pray!

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

THE WAR ORY.

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

Safe Over Jordan!

THE WAR ORY.

Safe Over Jordan!

DEATH HEARD FROM.

THE WAR ORY.

DEATH HEARD FROM.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

THE WAR ORY.

VICTORY IN CELTON.

Pray! Pray!

THE WAR ORY.

Pray! Pray!

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

THE WAR ORY.

Headquarters' HAPPENINGS.

